Vietnam's 72 million industrious, literate people are building a market economy from the ground up. Because U.S. diplomats and businesses are not here in force as the foundation stones are laid and the legal system is reformed, this means U.S. standards, regulations and laws are not being wired in. Australia already dominates the phone system, British Petroleum has the oil sector and Singapore advises on the legal code.

I was riding in a taxi here the other day and the driver was studying English from BBC tapes. For 30 minutes I had to listen to a repetition of: ''I like football. I like Manchester United,'' the prominent British soccer team. When they think football here they don't think Dallas Cowboys, and when they think telephones they don't think AT&T.

Strategically, the big issue in Asia will be the containment of China, whose military might, and appetite, will grow as China grows. There is no more powerful counterweight to Beijing than Hanoi, whose tiny army bludgeoned China's in their 1979 border war. China is Vietnam's historical enemy. Most of Hanoi's boulevards are named for heroes of the wars against China. The biggest display in the Hanoi Army Museum is not of Vietnam's victory over the U.S. in 1975, but its victory over the Mongols from the north in 1288. A U.S.-Vietnam entente would get China's attention—and keep it.

As for our M.I.A's, every U.S. official dealing with this issue says Vietnamese cooperation has improved (not diminished, as opponents of relations predicted) since we lifted the economic embargo. The reason is not anything the Hanoi Government is doing, but because the Vietnamese people, villagers and veterans, are now coming forward with information about graves and bones that they were holding back as long as America was embargoing them economically. U.S. M.I.A. officials say normal relations and more Americans traveling here would only elicit more grass-roots cooperation, which is the only way the 1,621 remaining M.I.A. cases will be resolved.

It is pathetic that a small, vindictive cult of M.I.A. activists in America—who broadcast U.F.O. sightings of P.O.W.'s roaming the Vietnamese countryside and demand we withhold normalization to punish Hanoi for war we never should have fought—have intimidated Washington into a Vietnam policy that is bad for M.I.A.'s and bad for America.

The Vietnamese, who have 300,000 M.I.A.'s, have let the future bury the past. As Deputy Foreign Minister LeMai told me: ''If we nursed all of our grudges with all the powers that we have fought against, we wouldn't have relations with anyone. The war divided your society; recognizing Vietnam would put this behind you. It would heal your own wounds.''

He's right. It's time we too buried the past. Hue today is a cuisine, not a battle; Tet is a New Year's celebration, not an offensive; Haiphong is a harbor, not something to be bombed at Christmas; and Highway 1 is where they run the Hanoi Marathon, not the military artery of an enemy nation. President Clinton didn't start this war, and he didn't fight this war, but with a little bit of courage, he could finally end this war.●

A FRACTURED COMMUNITY AND SHORT OF PERFECTION

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, recently, the annual Man of the Year Award in St. Louis was given to two people rather than one, our two former colleagues, Tom Eagleton and Jack Danforth.

They are both among our finest.

I am pleased that the citizens of St. Louis appropriately honored both of them.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch published their comments on that occasion, and because of our association with the two of them and because of what they say about government and our attitudes toward one another in this excessively partisan climate, I urge my colleagues to read their comments.

I ask that their remarks be printed in the RECORD.

The remarks follow:

[From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Jan. 10, 1995]

A FRACTURED COMMUNITY

(By Thomas F. Eagleton)

I recently attended a meeting of St. Louis businessmen and heard Charles ''Chuck'' Knight, chairman and CEO of Emerson Electric, say the following: ''Downtown's top attractions—the Arch, Busch Stadium, Kiel Center, Union Station, the convention center, the new football stadium, the casinos—will draw in excess of 12 million visitors annually. That's more than Disneyland.''

Chuck Knight is correct in his enthusiasm for downtown St. Louis, Downtown St. Louis has been revived. Downtown St. Louis is being rescued.

But the city of St. Louis as a whole has not. The Arch does not a city make. Busch Stadium does not a city make. The Kiel Center does not a city make. A football stadium does not a city make.

A city is people. A city is neighborhoods. A city is the interrelation of people with common concerns and common hopes. A city is the cohesive interaction of its peoples and its purposes. A city is the sum of its treasured pact and its capacity to flourish in the future.

Today's city of St. Louis can glory in its past as one of America's great cities, but as presently structured, it is a fading city with a troubled future.

When I entered politics, the city of St. Louis had 850,000 people. Today it is 380,000. The 1994 official State of Missouri demographic report says that in 2020 the population of St. Louis will be between 225,000 and 275,000—much smaller than the Wichita of 2020.

There is a structural noose around the St. Louis region's neck. We don't discuss it much, but the St. Louis metropolitan area is the textbook example of the most politically fragmented, disarrayed urban region in the nation. We are America's worst-case governance scenario. When we succeed, we do so in spite of our structural handicaps.

Back in 1876, the voters approved the separation of the city from the county. There were five municipalities in St. Louis County at that time. There are now 90. One has 11 residents. There are 21 St. Louis County cities with under 1,000 people. Only nine exceed 20,000.

There are 43 fire protection units and 62 police departments.

In the St. Louis metropolitan region, resource disparities are staggering. The city has been tax-abated to excess. In the county, there continues a frenetic, never-ending ''land rush'' to capture tax base in unincorporated portions of the county.

I realize we live in a time when it is out of fashion to discuss the impact of government on private decision-making. I also realize that we like to cling to the sentimental notion that somehow quaint Webster Groves and Ladue, for example, are so self-sufficient as to have no need of interaction and interconnection with governmental conditions around them.

Just as the city of St. Louis has outlived its history, St. Louis County has outgrown its sentimental quaintness. Our city and our county are an aggregation of jerry-built, haphazard, fragmented, disconnected governmental units, many barely treading water. We have had a succession of Boards of freeholders, a Board of Electors, and a Boundary Commission. All have attempted to tinker with the governmental structure and for one reason or another have made no discernable improvement.

We have tried some targeted remedies, such as a Sewer District, Junior College District, Zoo and Museum District, and joint support for a hospital. We have Bi-State. These regional efforts have helped, but the city-county disunion persists.

St. Louis and St. Louis County still remain as the foremost textbook example of how free people can misgovern themselves on the local level.

Enough handwringing. What do we do?

We have two choices.

Creeping incrementalism. Deal with the situation at the margins—tinkering with charter reform—go to the Missouri legislature or voters for non-controversial changes.

Cold bath. Just as the end of communism required a bold, total leap into capitalism, so too the end of St. Louis-St. Louis County disunion will require a bold, total immersion. St. Louis, like Berlin, would be whole again.

I fervently believe in the latter precept. Incrementalism won't go to the root of the distress. I'll give an example. Whether the St. Louis Police Board is appointed by the governor or the mayor will not have an overwhelming, decisive impact on the destiny of St. Louis. Only the boldness of urban consolidation—one city—will be meaningful.

Let me be clear. I am not alleging that solving the governmental barriers of the St. Louis region will alone create a spontaneous regeneration of a new and greater St. Louis with unfettered decency and personal responsibility reigning supreme.

Eliminating the Berlin Wall has not as yet equalized East and West. Eliminating Skinker Boulevard as our own Berlin Wall between poverty and prosperity will not by itself ensure an instantaneous panacea.

It would allow for local government to do its part of the societal job at its united best rather than at its fragmented worst. It would allow for a consolidation of effort and a focus of responsibility that simply isn't possible when political authority is fragmented into bits and pieces.

The day should come when St. Louis recaptures its population, its tax base and its greatness.

To paraphrase a famous Jewish sage, if not now, when? If not us, who?

[From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Jan. 10, 1995]

SHORT OF PERFECTION

(By John C. Danforth)

It is a most special honor to be joined in anyone's mind with Tom Eagleton. For all of my political life, Tom has been for me the model of what a public servant should be—smart, energetic, dedicated, always committed to the principles in which he believed. It never mattered to me that his positions were not exactly my own. He was a very fine Senator, and he is a very good friend, and I am proud to share this honor with him.

I don't know whether I am making much more out of it than was intended, but it seems to me that there is a message in this dual award—a message from St. Louis to the country—that it is St. Louis' own answer to

the meanness and the anger that is the politics of the 1990s. The message is that politics does not have to be as mean and as angry as is now the rule.

I don't say this only because of the personal relationship between Tom and me. But beyond recognizing our good relationship, there is something more in the message of today's awards.

Consider what it means when there are two men of the year who made careers in politics, when one is a Democrat and the other a Republican, one a liberal, the other a conservative, one a supporter of Carter and Mondale, the other a supporter of Reagan and Bush. Consider what it means when there are two men of the year, who often disagreed, who often canceled one another's votes in the Senate.

For those citizens who are in a constant state of rage about government, it would be difficult to honor either Tom or me; it would be impossible to honor both of us at the same time. It would be difficult to honor either of us because, with the thousands of Senate votes we cast, each of us has done enough controversial things to make every Missourian mad at least some of the time.

And if it would be difficult for an outraged citizen to honor either one of us separately, it would be absolutely impossible to honor both of us together. Even those who agreed with one of us could not have agreed with both of us at the same time.

If it is essential to you that your politicians reflect your views, and if it angers you when they don't, then Tom, or I, and certainly both of us together, must have made you very angry very often. Many people have theories to explain the general sense of outrage felt against politics and politicians. Some point to the media generally, or more specifically to talk radio or Rush Limbaugh. Some point to negative election campaigns and unprincipled political consultants. All of that deserves attention, but I think there is something more—something broader than the latest trends in the media or in campaigning. It has to do with what people expect from government.

When expectations are unrealistically high, outrage at failure is sure to follow. When we believe that government should have all our answers, we are angry when it has none of our answers. And unrealistic expectations of government are the order of the day. This is true on both the left and the right. On the left, it is thought that government can manage the economy and cure the ills of society. On the right it is thought that government can deter crime and restore personal and religious values. In each case, platforms and programs are thought to hold the key to success, if only the right law is enacted, if only the right people are in charge.

We attribute our failures as a country to failures of our government. We say that our politicians are out of touch. They don't do things our way. They are incompetent, maybe even corrupt.

Our problems are not of our making, but of their making. If only right thinkers were in power, we could get on with the people's business—the business of balancing the budget and cutting taxes and retaining all the benefits we demand.

It is no wonder that we are so angry at government when our expectations are so high. If government has the power to make things right for us and simply doesn't do so, of course we should be mad.

But we have got it wrong, wildly wrong by any historic standard. It is not that government is bad, only that it is government. As such it is limited, not by accident, but by design, not because it is poorly run, but because it is run as our founders intended it to be.

Government is not perfect, and it was not supposed to be perfect. It is not omnipotent, because it was not intended to be omnipotent. It was not intended to rule the economy or our health care system or our families or our values. It never had the total answer, it never had total power—it had limited power and the limited capacity to make things better.

It makes sense to honor Tom Eagleton and Jack Danforth with the same award only if there is a high level of tolerance for each of us, only if you see that each of us was off the mark, that neither of us had all the answers, that it was enough to make a good try.

The business of government is not to reach perfection, for perfection is not reached in this world. Marxism's lesson is that when government attempts to reach perfection, it must be totalitarian.

RECALLING A MAN WHO STAYED THE COURSE

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, one of the gems in our society today is Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America and former assistant to Lyndon Johnson.

Recently, I saw his op-ed piece in the Los Angeles Times on the 30th anniversary of the inauguration of Lyndon Johnson as president.

His article reminded me what I heard on the radio recently that our statistics on the children who live in households below the poverty level has risen to 26 percent. I did not hear the source for that, I do not know if it is accurate. The traditional measurement we have been using is 23 percent. And what a tradegy that is. No other Western industrialized democracy comes anywhere near a figure like that, a figure that is totally and completely preventable.

While the Vietnam war marred the record of Lyndon Johnson, what he accomplished in the domestic field—in helping people who desperately need help—should jog our conscience today. There is so much mean-spiritedness and lack of concern for the poor. It appalls me.

All Americans need hope and instead of giving many of them hope, we are giving them jail cells or desperate poverty.

I ask that the Jack Valenti item be printed in the RECORD.

The editorial follows:

RECALLING A MAN WHO STAYED THE COURSE

(By Jack Valenti)

On this day 30 years ago, Lyndon B. Johnson was inaugurated in his own right as the 36th President of the United States. He has been elected President the previous November in a landslide of public favor, with the largest percentage of votes in this century, matched by no other victorious President in the ensuing years. This day plus two is also the 22nd anniversary of his death.

Is it odd or is it merely the lament of one who served him as best I could that his presidency and his passing find only casual regard on this day?

He was the greatest parliamentary commander of his era. he came to the presidency with a fixed compass course about where he wanted to take the nation, and unshakable convictions about what he wanted to do to lift the quality of life. Against opposing forces in and outside his own party, in conflict with those who thought he had no right to be President, contradicting conventional wisdom and political polls, he never hesitated, never flagged, never changed course. He was a professional who knew every nook and cranny of the arena, and when he was in full throttle, he was virtually unstoppable.

He defined swiftly who he was and what he was about. He said that he was going to pass a civil-rights bill and a voting rights bill because, as he declared, ''every citizen ought to have the right to live his own life without fear, and every citizen ought to have the right to vote and when you got the vote, you have political power, and when you have political power, folks listen to you.'' He promptly told his longtime Southern congressional friends that though he loved them, they had best get out of his way or he would run them down. He was going to pass those civil-rights bills. And he did.

He made it clear that he was no longer going to tolerate ''a little old lady being turned away from a hospital because she had no money to pay the bill. By God, that's never going to happen again.'' He determined to pass what he called ''Harry Truman's medical-insurance bill.'' And he did. It was called Medicare.

He railed against the absence of education in too many of America's young. He stood on public rostrums and shouted, ''We're going to make it possible for every boy and girl in America, no matter how poor, no matter their race or religion, no matter what remote corner of the country they live in, to get all the education they can take, by federal loan, scholarship or grant.'' And he passed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

He was in a raging passion to destroy poverty in the land. He waged his own ''War on Poverty,'' giving birth to Head Start and a legion of other programs to stir the poor, to ignite their hopes and raise their sights. Some of the programs worked. Some didn't. But he said over and over again, ''If you don't risk, you never rise.''

He often said that no President can lay claim to greatness unless he presides over a robust economy. And so he courted, shamelessly, the business, banking and industrial proconsuls of the nation and made them believe what he said. And the economy prospered.

On the first night of his presidency, he ruminated about the awesome task ahead. But there was on the horizon that night only a thin smudge of a line that was Vietnam. In time, like a relentless cancer curling about the soul of a nation, Vietnam infected his presidency.

If there had not been 16,000 American soldiers in Vietnam when he took office, would he have sent troops there? I don't believe he would have. But who really knows? What I do know is that he grieved, a deep-down sorrow, that he could not find ''an honorable way out'' other than ''hauling ass out of there.''

I think that grieving cut his life short. Every President will testify that when he has to send young men into battle and the casualties begin to mount, it's like drinking carbolic acid every morning.

But it was all a long time ago. To many young people not born when L.B.J. died, he is a remote, distant figure coated with the fungus of Vietnam. They view him, if at all, dispiritedly.

But to others, to paraphrase Ralph Ellison, because of Vietnam, L.B.J. will just have to settle for being the greatest American President for the undereducated young, the poor and the old, the sick and the black. But perhaps that's not too bad an epitaph on this day so far away from where he lived.●